

Messenger and Visitor.

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Directions to Subscribers in Remitting their Subscriptions.

Many subscribers live where there is no agent, and are in doubt as to the way to remit their subscriptions. It is very easy. Go to the nearest Post Office, if it is a money order office, it will be found most convenient to send an order. If not, enclose the amount and register the letter, and it will come without fail. To make even money, two might remit together.

All our Pastors are Agents.

FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Who will get us at least one new subscriber from the first of May to June, 1887, for one dollar? We will assist us to put the paper into the hands of all the converts who have been baptized in the last few months.

WHAT TO KNOW.—Some of the brethren are anxious to know where our Convention is to be held this year. Is it not time the place was decided upon? The N. B. Southern Association is to take place the second week in June. Can the Moderator and Clerk of last year, in whose hands it was left to obtain a place, tell us where we are to meet? It is high time that we knew.

REVIVAL AT WOLFVILLE.—The interest still continues at our institutions at Wolfville. Let us praise God for the blessing which has fallen, and pray that it may be a large one. We should all be interested in the work of the Lord everywhere; but our prosperity is bound up with our educational institutions as with no church or score of churches. May the Lord help us to bear them upon our heart and before the throne.

SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.—At the annual meeting of the Tabernacle, 267 were reported received by baptism during the year. The present membership is 5,214.

DR. CRAMP'S MEMOIR.—The many friends of the late Dr. Cramp will be rejoiced to learn that materials are being collected for a brief history of his active and useful life. The memoir cannot fail to be of intense interest to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces.

LABELS AGAIN.—We have sent out the labels for the counties of Annapolis, Antigonish, Cape Breton, Colchester, Cumberland and Guysborough. This week we send out those for Hants. This work is progressing all too slowly; but we hope to push it through in a short time. We shall try and not trespass upon the patience of our subscribers again.

NEW MEETING HOUSE.—Do not fail to read Bro. Kempton's account of the new meeting house to be built on his field, in the news from the churches. We know of no better investment of the Lord's money than in a house of worship, located where it will start a new interest. All who know Bro. K. will have no fear that the new move is anything but judicious and necessary. The only way in which help can be given is by direct donation. We have no fund to aid weak interests to build meeting houses, more the pity. Let our people send on their contributions to help build this house, and no doubt they will be doing something which will tell on the Lord's work after they are dead. Many could give a little and not lessen their contribution to the Convention Fund. Who will help?

SOCIALISTS ATRENTON.—The Socialists do not believe in God. A writer in one of their journals exclaims: "Religion, authority, and the State are all carved out of the same piece of wood—to the devil with them all." They evidently believe in a devil. We don't wonder. They are evidently well acquainted with him.

DEATH OF THE CONGO.—Another of the English Baptist missionaries on the Congo has fallen: "When he was dying Mr. Comber asked him, 'Maynard, are you sorry you came to the Congo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'very thankful. My work's soon done, isn't it? There are many more of our men who will soon come.' 'For Jesus sake.' 'I'll soon be home; I'll soon be home.' 'Work on, brethren; don't let the loss of your men hinder you. Never give up, hope always.' Our English brethren however are not disheartened. They remember that the Son of God died for sinners, and they do not intend to relax effort for the lost myriads of the Congo, even though a few men fall and there is an increase of expense.

CARYLEA AND COMPENSATION.—Some suppose that the liquor dealers should have compensation for the injury done to their business by prohibitory legislation. In a conversation with J. S. Marley, on the subject, Carylea said, he could not understand what was meant by compensation to the publicans. "If any publican came to him and wanted compensation he would tell him to go to his father, the devil, for it." However, if the liquor dealer will not compensate for sin and families for the loss sustained

by his traffic, the State might then give him compensation for his loss by prohibition.

OUR BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENT.—The Brooklyn Standard of March 29th, devotes considerable space to a description of the work of the Willowbury Avenue Church and Sabbath School, of which our New York correspondent is pastor. The Sabbath School has 1,050 names on its register, and an average attendance of 810. The church worship at present in a large hall, having sold their old house of worship. They propose to build in the near future.

HOME MISSIONS IN ONTARIO.—Dr. Rand gives some telling statistics on the work accomplished by Home Missions in Ontario. Forty-four per cent.—nearly half—of all the churches of Ontario were organized by home missionary effort, while sixty-five per cent. have been more or less supplied upon home missionary aid. Thirty-nine per cent. of these are now self-supporting, some of them being among the strongest churches of the land. About one hundred and ninety-six of the two hundred and seventy-five ministers now on the roll came from rural churches, and one hundred and twenty-seven of these are from mission churches. About sixty-five per cent. of those who have been enrolled at McMaster Hall are from these same weak churches. The percentage of the membership of city churches which has come from the country, is not so very large at present, because of the outflow of emigration to the United States and the Northwest; but still these churches depend very largely upon the ingatherings on Home Mission fields for their strength.

These facts speak for themselves. It is probable that about the same showing would be made, were our statistics analyzed in the same way. The lesson is: push home mission work vigorously; for we depend upon it for the increase of the strength of our churches at the centres, for the increase of self-supporting churches in the future, and for the keeping up of ministerial supply. We hope our people may heed such lessons as these, and come up nobly to the help of our much pressed Home Mission Board. What we want is means, and means we must look to the Lord for the men; but he wishes us to look to our own purses for the means. May our people, although straightened by the hard times, come up to the help of the Lord in this and all other work for him!

WISDOM OVER LATE.—Not long since we asked a gentleman to subscribe for the Messenger and Visitor. He had been a member of a Baptist church all his life, but had never taken our denominational paper. He complied very readily, and added, "I should have done so long ago; if I had, my family would not have drifted into other churches and left me alone." Was he not right? What stronger bond can there be to fold a family to the faith of their parents than the perusal of the denominational paper? Through it they get acquainted with the work of the denomination, and are indoctrinated in its principles. Thus both head and heart are held. Should not all our people have the aid of the Messenger and Visitor in the family to hold the children to an intelligent adherence to our precious principles?

SAM JONES AND TOBACCO.—This noted revivalist has got new light on one matter. We hope others might get the same.

Just one thing I would say. I believe, brethren, that thirteen years ago I consecrated myself to God. I have been a consecrated man from that day until this. I have been consecrated for the glory of God and the good of humanity in the work that I have been trying to do. Down in my country I have never been in a son's way that I know of. In a hundred different instances I have been notified that "a habit you are given to is a stumbling block to souls in this city." Now, I want to say to this congregation to-night that from this day until we meet God in heaven you can tell until we meet God in heaven you can tell this world that Sam Jones has got no habit that is a stumbling block to anybody. I have quit chewing tobacco. And to you, brethren, I will say this, wherever and whenever there is fault of mine that will lead any soul astray, or that is a stumbling block to any one, God being my helper, if I know it, that thing shall go down forever with me. And if there is a spot or an inch about me that is not consecrated to God and humanity to-night, I say this minute, Lord God Almighty helping me, it shall be a fight from this moment until I die. And I pray God Almighty that you will give me your prayers. I have had a fight that to one but God knows anything about. I have struggled, and thank God I have the victory. I give God the glory and I give you the benefit, and may God bless you all and start you to-night to give yourself unreservedly and forever to God. For your prayers and for your sympathy I am grateful, and if I don't do any good in Chicago, may Chicago

thank God Almighty she has done the poor little pale Southern preacher some good the balance of his life.

Unappreciated.

If there is one thing which more than another no body likes, is to be passed by unnoticed—not a word spoken, not a look given. Even a dog likes attention, and a cat will run her sides against you for recognition, and purr.

But for a man or woman to toil from day to day in a humble calling, and receive no special notice, not even a "thank you" from any one, makes the heart sick. If one is faithful in any service he wants assurance that he is appreciated, and a word of genuine appreciation "lifts a stone from the heart," and does more good than the giver ever can know. From the minister to the miner, from the stevedore to the boot-black, all like to be (I will not say praised) noticed, and assured that their services are doing somebody good.

There is a servant, dutiful, prompt, honest, careful in all her round of toil—sweeping, dusting, baking, washing, ironing; no fault to be found (?) and all the family are made comfortable by her diligence; but all "take it for granted" that because her wages are promptly paid, she is satisfied. And yet how her heart longs for what is better than wages—just one little word of deserved commendation. She is no eavesdropper, but if she could accidentally overhear her mistress saying to her lord: "What a 'jewel' our girl is; she lightens my burdens and assumes my cares, so that life is a real joy," or even if she would say: "It was very kind in you, Margaret, to do that little job for me!" how proud she'd feel.

And the teacher in the day-school. She likes her calling, and gives satisfaction to parents and pupils, and does her best to instruct, to win and improve, her scholars. But if only the parents would drop in occasionally, and thereby show an interest in her work, even if not a word was spoken that yet act would stimulate her to do even better work, if possible; at least it would say "They do care for me."

And that clerk in the store. He is honest, trustworthy, manly with his employer, and genial and gentlemanly and winning toward all the customers, and he performs, all the daily routine of work ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly; but he is only a clerk! He would like, O so much, if his master should say: "John, it is very gratifying to see how you draw out the goods, and the order and neatness of the goods, and how seldom are such words spoken!"

You are at the depot, about to start on a journey. There is the "cab," waiting for the signal from the conductor to start, sits the engineer. He is a family, and as the train "pulls out" and passes the suburbs, he bows to a waving hand or throws a kiss to the little one at the window, and then, with "eye on the track and hand on the throttle," plunges on with his hundreds of "living freight," "on time" at every station, obeying every order and caring for nothing else, for the rest of the trip, but to do his duty. How brave, how faithful to every trust, and how much the safety and comfort of all on board rest upon his vigilance. Yet who of all the hundreds of thousands that he hands safely and promptly cares for or thinks of that begrimed servant? Who, except dear wife and child?

And away out on the frontier is a Home Missionary. He has gone from the East, refusing good offers, in a spirit of self-denial, to look after the "scattered sheep" on the prairies, and gather them into the fold. He has taken an intelligent and devoted Sabbath-school teacher, whom the "superintendent knew how to spare," as his companion for life. They go where the people are. The town is small, country new, people poor, saloons in full blast, settlers rapidly "taking claims," but all around in chaos. He must reduce confusion to order, organize a church and Sabbath-school, and his wife must be his assistant in superintending it. He must visit, study as he can; must be sexton, pastor, superintendent, all in one; prepare to erect a church edifice, do the soliciting, collecting, let the job, and oversee its construction; visit the sick, attend the "funeral of a man killed in a drunken row," call on every new settler, give his family a welcome and invite them to church, and a "thousand and one" things that a settled pastor in the East never knows of. But he is "only a Home Missionary," and his wife "only the wife of a pioneer minister." "That's all." He is too busy to know or care whether anybody else is concerned in his work. But she is "dead and buried, and forgotten" by the world at large. Her toils, tears, prayer, self-denials are known only to God, her history of sacrifice and service will never be written, much less read, in this world. She has neither salary nor "commission," and yet she toils with her husband, and finally wears out her life and dies.

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

How it would have cheered her in many a lonely hour, when her husband was gone to "fill his appointment," and she sat alone in her "cabin" or "dug-out," or in later years, watching over a sick child, could she have had her well-to-do acquaintances of former years.

To each and all of these, and others outside the classes here named, let me say, you may not be appreciated now, except by very few. But do not be discouraged. Your Lord and Master was not appreciated when on earth, and "should the servant be greater than his Lord?" If no other eye sees, and no other tongue encourages, and no other heart sympathizes, he does. All your toils and trials and tears and prayers are known to him, and by-and-by he will say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—New York Evangelist.

The Fisherman's Story.

A few years ago I was on a fair island which lies off our northern coast; and one Sunday noon, as I returned from the little church where I had spoken in the Good Shepherd's name to a few scattered sheep, I went into a fisherman's cottage to rest. It was a plain room where I waited; but there hung on the wall a little picture which was very precious to the old man and his wife. There were two vessels, and one was upon the rocks. Between the two vessels was a small boat with two young men. The sea was very rough; but the boat was struggling desperately toward the wreck. The old fisherman pointed to the boat and said: "That's my boy! Then he told me the story. I wish I could tell it to you. A vessel had driven on the rocks in a storm, and was hopelessly lost. It was the old story—not the old, old story—the story of death, not of life. The other vessel had gone out in a blind desire to do something. A long way from the wreck she stopped and watched. It would be her life for life; and they were not great enough for that. 'My boy said, 'Cap'n, I'm going to try to save those men.' And the Cap'n said, 'Nelson, if you do, you'll be drowned.' And my boy said, 'Cap'n, I'm not thinkin' of bein' drowned; but I'm not thinkin' of savin' those men.' So he and a shipmate took the boat and went to the wreck. And they saved every man who was there. And my boy said, 'It seemed to me as if the sea was smooth, or where the boat went that it was all around it.' And I said, 'Nelson, that was God.' And he said, 'I think it was, Father.' I wish I could tell you the story as I heard it from that lonely, gray-haired fisherman, that Sunday noon—the tale of his boy's heroism, sanctified by the boy's death not long after, when he was lost at sea, and there was no one to save him. But I ask you now, if you were one of those same men, and Nelson Mitchell should tell you anything, would you not believe him? If he should make you a promise, would you not trust him? If he should ask your thought, your love, your service, would he not receive them? If he brought you a message from your Father, would you not hear it? If you had wandered from your Father, and he came through death to tell you that your Father was waiting, longing to have you come home, would you not come? And if Nelson Mitchell promised to take you home in the boat which had saved you, you would go.

The Son of God has come for us. He sought us and died for us. He has found us. We will believe in Him and rest in His love, and love Him while, with rejoicing, He carries us home.—Independent.

The Closed Door.

How well I remember it; it was one morning many years ago, when I was a very little child. I had been naughty at breakfast time, and papa had said to me gravely: "Carrie, you must get off your chair and go and stand outside the door for five minutes." I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and without turning to look into papa's face, went outside the door and it was shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how my tears dropped down on the mat; I was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was partly turned, and Johnny's curly head had pecked out. Both his arms were around my neck in a minute, and he said: "Carrie, go in. I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I could say a word he pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, not knowing I might go to the table; but papa took me by the hand, led me to the table, kissed me and put me on my chair; and I knew I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but O, how I wished that Johnny might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both and folded us in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance, and love, and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

The years went by, and I found my soul outside another door, separated from the Father, sin having come between myself and God, till I saw one who loved me and took my place, and I put me in his place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I knew the fullness and freeness of that forgiveness, for our Father drew me close to his divine heart of love, and there with the Lord Jesus, my Sin-bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—Ch. Observer.

More Straws.

Some time ago, while standing at a railroad station, my attention was attracted by a number of persons passing in and out of what seemed to be only an ordinary tool-shop. My curiosity becoming excited, I crossed the track and entered the house. There, awaiting identification, I saw the body of a man which had been found early that morning at the foot of a steep embankment not far from the station. As I viewed the remains I discovered that in one hand was a straw. The man evidently had grasped it while falling, in his natural endeavor to get hold of something by which to save himself. It was only a straw, and hence was no help for him. There he lay dead, with a straw in his hand! Since meeting with this accident, which remained in my mind and made me think for many days, I have frequently been reminded of it as I have met with persons who are clinging to some false hope, or to some trivial excuse, in place of accepting the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been often suggested to me, as I have conversed with men and have ascertained what they are holding to for their eternal salvation in place of that strong hand which has never lost a soul—the negative guesses of Universalism, or their mere intellectual assent to the truth, or their prayers, or their professions, or their morality, or their philanthropy, or their superiority to many professing Christians—straws, mere straws! "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"—Free Church Record.

The Story of a Handkerchief.

On the occasion of Mr. John B. Gough's funeral at Hillsdale, a little handkerchief was placed over the back of his chair, the latter being placed at the head of the coffin. The story of that handkerchief was told by Mr. Gough in an address in Cooper Institute on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the National Temperance Society, in May, 1870. We find it in the Gough Memorial pamphlet, just issued by the Society. Mr. Gough said: "I have in my house a small handkerchief not worth three cents to you, but you would not buy it from me. A woman brought it, and said to my wife, 'I am very poor; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this. I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me, but my husband took to drinking and everything went. The piano-forte was sold, until, at last, I found myself in a miserable room. My husband lay drunk in the corner, and my child that was lying on my knee was restless; I sung, 'The light of other days has faded,' and wet my handkerchief through with tears. 'My husband,' said the woman, 'is wet your hands, and now, for six years, my husband has been to me all that a husband can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again. I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through that night with my tears, and I want him, when he is speaking, to remember that he has wiped away those tears from me, I trust in God forever.' These are the trophies that make me glad."

"Julia, have you a hope?" said a clergyman to a timid but thoughtful little girl who professed to be a recent convert to Christ. "Yes, sir, I have," was her prompt answer. "What do you hope for?" said the clergyman. "Why, sir, I hope for Salvation in Heaven," was her answer. "What right has such a sinner as you are to hope for Salvation in Heaven?" said the clergyman, with an assumed tone of some severity. The little girl, embarrassed by both the manner of the clergyman and the matter of the question, hesitated a moment as to the answer, and then said—"I believe in Christ, and he has promised to save all who believe in him, and I ought to believe that he will be just as good as his word, and I do so believe." It is for the sake of this last answer that we have told this story. It hits the point exactly. There is not a theologian in the land that can in better or clearer words give the

theory of Christian hope. Believe in and on the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and then fully believe him in the promise which he makes to the believer; and the problem of hoping for Salvation is at once completely solved. He who believes in Christ, and then doubts whether he will be saved, either doubts his fidelity in respect to his promise, or doubts whether he has believed in him. His salvation by Christ is just as certain as his faith in him. Believe in him, and then hope through him.—Independent.

A Kind Word.

Many a weak and drooping flower
All its early bloom rears,
Through the gentle-falling shower,
Or the welcome evening dew.

So the soul, in darkest hour,
Bowed by grief or hope deferred,
Gains new lease of life and power
Through some kindly spoken word.
J. CLARK.

High License vs. Prohibition.

It is not difficult to discover on which side of this question Mr. Jones stands. He alludes to it repeatedly, and likewise pointedly, as in the passage below.

Talk about high license! If high license would heal the broken hearts all over this city I'd like it. Suppose, now, we should say that we are going to put a high license on murder and won't let any man commit murder unless he pays the highest license for it; we will confine all the murdering then to one man, and there won't be but one man to a state able to pay the license, and now watch him. That fellow goes about shooting the first born of every family and popping his pistol in the face of the best men and boys of this town, shooting them down, and you say to him, "Hold on, sir. Don't do that."

"Why, I paid a high license to have all the power to kill centered in me, because I'm the only fellow able to pay the license, and I'm doing all the murdering for the State of Illinois."

Hear me. This high license business, you talk it on the street and pray it on your knees—God deliver us from high license and give us prohibition. And sister, if the snake is to be hit anywhere, let it hit on the head and kill it now and forever.

Some years ago there was an excursion steamer some miles above Niagara Falls. There were many on the excursion, many passengers, and the boat floated down toward the rapids; but the captain expected to return in time to avoid all danger, and they were laughing on deck, when someone said to the captain, "Are you not going too far down?" He said, "No, I know what I am about." After awhile he told the engineer to turn and go up stream; but lo! the captain found they were further down toward the rapids than he thought for. He cried to the engineer, "Put on more steam!" More steam was applied, but still the vessel made no headway up stream. The captain cried, "Put on more steam, or we are lost." The engineer said: "We can't put on any more steam; we do as well let the boat to atoms." "What on more steam!" cried the captain. "The engine is applied, and the vessel is moving up stream, and some of the passengers are saying that God will save us." "Put back! Put back! Put back!" In God's name, put back. You say it takes a greater struggle. Lay hold of the oars with both hands, and pull, pull, pull, until the blood starts. Pull for heaven. Now or never!—Talmage.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.—What is to be done? There is nothing else for it but to open the Bible, and let that book decide this, as it decides so many other things. We may argue with each other the pros and cons till we are all of us gray, and be just as far from a settlement of the matter as when we began. Paul settles it for us in a single sentence: "If meat make my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh forevermore, that I make not my brother to stumble." The whole matter, for a conscientious Christian, is disposed of in that one sentence. These cases of popular amusement are not cases of casuistry, of hair-splitting logic, one way or the other; they are cases of conscience. The question is not, "What may I do?" but, "What ought I to do?" We wish, on our own part, therefore, to stand on the record along with the faithful men who have for these past weeks been pleading so earnestly the cause of Christian morality in this city of Chicago, where a mission of the kind was so much needed. Let us all, as Christian men and women, settle it once for all that the kind of amusement, whether public or social, which has a taint upon it, whether it be a taint of inherent evil, or a taint of bad example, is always to be brought to trial in the court of conscience, and receive its sentence there.—Standard.